

another day. (i guess what saves
the world is cats coyotes & morons
never become smarter than
smaller creatures wielding wits.)

HIS (1974)

apartment stood wide open & everything in it
could have been ours for the taking
he'd died about a day before & the landlord
had just left the place as it was

he was a poor minister. he didn't own much,
nothing more than a gray-yellow pile of
taiwanese pajamas & slippers & cheap bathrobe
that couldn't have been warm at all & a
disorganized mess of books strewn throughout
the place. he didn't have much in his kitchen
either, a few onions, potatoes canned soup,
stale bread but certainly no wine or any
other liquor -- for that matter, he didn't
have any medicines except for a bottle of
aspirin & iodine.

my friend who was an irishman took a history book
on ireland, his girl took one on trees & shrubs
& i found a copy of h.g. wells's outline of
history. i remember this whole thing because
i came across the book the other day.

those were the days we thought we owned
the whole world & that it was humbly & gratefully
smiling down upon us as we did
whatever we damn well pleased.

WARNING

a place with too-literal religion
will also have too-literal pornography

HAD

a better understanding of dinosaurs
when i happened to look at my own scrotum

the holiness of that
strange flesh hints
at different life-realms